

## [J. T. Gardenhire]

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FOLKSTUFF - RANGE LORE [85?]

Phipps, Woody

Rangelore

Tarrant Co., Dist. #7

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[FC?]

J.T. (Sad) Gardenhire, 81, was born on J.P. Gardenhire's (his father) stock farm located near Rockwall, Kaufman Co. Tex. Rockwall is now the Co. seat of Rockwall Co., which was created out of Kaufman Co. in 1876. J.P. Gardenhire operated the farm while Jordan Gardenhire, J.P.'s brother, operated the stock part. Sad wanted to be a cowboy, so Jordan taught him to ride horses and work cattle at an early age. This he did until he was 18 Yrs of age, when his Uncle Jordan decided to seek employment on the US Ranch in Stephens Co. Baylor Dougherty, rancher at Forney, Texas, bought the Gardenhire cattle. Jordan and Sad then went to the US Ranch where they were employed as cowboys. The US Ranch moved the stock to Baylor Co. in 1879, where they established another ranch. After 27 Yrs, Sad quit the US Ranch to enter the real estate business in Uvalde, Tex. Three Yrs later, he quit the real estate business to enter the Gro. business at Boyd, Tex. 11 Yrs. later, he retired from all activity and now resides at 1417 LaGonda St. Ft. Worth, Tex. His story:

"You're right on both counts. I am Sad Gardenhire and I used to be a cow puncher when a man had to be a cow puncher and not just a range hand. Doing everything from slopping

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hogs to farming. Not only that, but he had to ride the first hoss he come to and couldn't be choicy. And, that was in a day when nigh onto every hoss was about half outlaw. Now, that all sounds pretty bad but when you're used to anything, it aint so bad. That's the kind of life we were used to, so that's the kind of a life we lived. Rough and tough with a lot of hard work throwed in for good measure.

"Now, the 'Sad' part of my name was give to me by my kind and loving friends. They figured because I always went around with a long face that I was grieving or something. The truth is, I was probably laughing at them all the time. You know, laughing up my sleeve. C12 - Texas 2 My real name is John T. Gardenhire, and I was born Jan. 23, 1857, on my dad's stock farm in Kaufman Co., Tex. The place was just outside Rockwall, which has since become the Co. seat of Rockwall Co after it was cut out of Kaufman Co. At that time, the place was actually 1 1/2 Mi. out of Rockwall, but since the town has growed so, it's only 1/2 Mi. out of town.

The reason I knowed for a fact that it was 1 1/2 miles out of town then is because we lads used to have to go to school in Rockwall. My first teacher was Arch Hartman, who later became a judge, and the [las?] one was George [?]. I was going to school to him when I left Rockwall. I was a little over 18 then when I left.

Now, my dad never cared for running cattle and would never have messed with stock had it not been for my Uncle Jordan. Jordan was a cowboy, and he got dad to buy a few head before I was born. About the time I was born, the place had around 1,000 head in the 'G' iron, branded hip, side, and shoulder. the stock sort of went up and down from time to time, having as low as 95 head right at the close of the Civil War. Buying, selling, and the soldiers taking what they rounded up were among the reasons for the ups and downs.

"Right after the war, I was a right able cowboy since Jordan had taken me [hen?] I was just a little tag and taught me to ride and rope, and Jordan and me branded many a dogie on

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the range. You see, during the war, there was a shortage of men to work the stock and a lot of unbranded dogies showed up. We ran the herd up to around 2,500 head at one time.

"My brother, Lee Gardenhire, a couple of years younger than me, him and me worked right with Jordan. We went on the roundups and everything. Many's the experience which if I'd have wrote them down, would sure be interesting. The trouble about that is, those things were usual in that day and time so nobody thought nothing about them.

"Jordan was a mighty good rider and roper, too. He taught Lee and me both, besides teaching his own son, Emeline Gardenhire, who was about 15 Yrs younger than me, how to ride and rope. Em' really became the best rider and roper the family's ever had, and he won prizes for his work in a number of rodeos here, Seymour, and other places.

"I've kind-a got off the subject a little on Em' but I just wanted you to get a sort of a back ground on me, and my family. Now, since the place was always short handed, and especially during the war, [?] and me had to a man's work. Had it to do. We rode broncs, not wild hosses but broncs that'd been busted in by Jordan, rode herd on the cattle, branded, cut our beef out of other herds, and everything a cowboy's supposed to do. We done all that. Most of the work we had to learn by experience.

"This calls to mind one of the things that'd be a little funny to an old range hand. One time, Jordan, Lee, and me had been rounding up a few head of [?] and I reckon we had around 200 head when Jordan left us to go to the ranch house and get another branding iron. I think we'd either lost the other one. Lost it, broke it, or something. Anyway, he left us. [After?] he'd been gone about an hours hour or so, there come up one of them 'Fast Texas Specials,' a sudden Norther.

"The wind began to blow and got colder, then a cold rain 4 began to fall. Well, any old cow puncher knows that cattle'll put their tails to the wind and rain and drift. And, nothing'll hold them back. They're going to drift and that's all there is to it. Well, all Lee and me knowed was, the herd was up and moving and we knowed we were supposed to hold it together

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and on the holding ground. Whenever a herd begins to move, it'll always have leaders. Lee and me got in front of the leaders and tried our best to turn them into a mill. We worked and worked and worked, but try as we done, we just couldn't turn them. They'd break in spite of all we could do, and follow other leaders. Just walking and drifting, but still they'd move. Well, first thing we knowed, the herd broke up into two or three other smaller herds. When we'd try to corral them [?] gether, they'd bust up into others 'til the whole she-bang was scattered all over the range.

“This didn't take but about two hours to do, either. We finally saw Jordan coming on the run. When he reached us, he hollered out, 'Where'd the stuff go?' [We?] told him what'd happened, then he laughed at us as hard as he could. When he got so's he could talk, he told us what the trouble was. [We?] waited 'til the rain was over, then went and rounded [the?] herd up again. This time, it rained again but Jordan, Lee, and me got in front of the leaders and kept our hosses in front of them, slowing them down to a walk. This way, when the rain stopped again, we had the herd together. You know, it can rain 50 times in one day in [Texas?], and this was one of them kind of days but I don't guess it rained over about four times. Just enough to give us a lot of trouble.

“Then there was a stampede during a roundup that was pretty bad. All the ranchers had pitched in and rounded up around 1,500 5 head on one of the holding grounds [commonly?] used. There was only a few of them with this herd, the rest having gone ahead with their work in rounding up the rest of the cattle in that part of the country and placing them on another holding ground about 10 mile away from the one this herd was on.

“There was only two other cow punchers riding herd besides Lee and me, and the rest of them were cutting out, branding, and turning them into the respective herds belonging to each rancher whose cattle were in the herd. You see, all of them had their men at work somewhere in the roundups, leaving a few with this herd. Well sir, we were working as

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hard as we could when all of a sudden, the whole herd started running. I later found out that a skunk had caused it by just coming up close to the herd. [?] low down skunk[?]

“We worked about [two?] days, I reckon, before we got this herd back together. Now that just goes to show you what a little thing it takes to stampede a herd of cattle, no matter how little or big it is, nor no matter how many men are working it. The only difference numbers in cattle/ and men makes is the time it takes to regather the herd.

“long about the time I was a little over 18 years old, my Uncle Jordan began to thinking about going out to the US Ranch in Stephens Co. and working. The US Ranch was got together by McKee, a big Ft Worth cattleman who gave Ike Fridge a part of the ranch to work it. Made him a partner. Jim and Ike Fridge were our kinfolks, and they'd told Jordan he could do better with them. He finally told me dad he was going, so dad then looked around for a buyer for the stock, since he didn't want to run stock hisself. 6 Baylor Dougherty, who ranched at Forney Station, a few miles [?]. of Dallas, agreed to buy 800 head of dad's stock, range delivery. Now, range delivery meant driving that number to a certain place on a certain day, without a count being made. That's the way stockmen worked in them days. They'd buy up a big herd, and the man who sold them the cattle'd drive it to the place without a count and maybe the buyer never saw his stock for weeks, months, or maybe never. Just sell it [again?] to somebody else who'd drive it on somewhere else. Today, cattlemen not only count but take the poundage.

“Not being a man who'd take a chance, my dad went with the herd and insisted on a tally. We had a few head over 800 when the tally was made. Then, dad just throwed that in because 800 was all Dougherty'd contracted for.

“Well, sir. When the pay off came, dad and Lee went into a bunkhouse with Dougherty. Jordan and me stayed outside with the two other punchers who'd helped us make the drive. When they were through, we left the Dougherty place. I noticed Lee was awful thoughtful on the way home, and when we got to our selves, I asked him what'd

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happened. You see, dad never talked business in front of anybody but who he was dealing with.

“Do you know, Lee said that when they got into the bunkhouse, Dougherty reached under one of the floor bunks and pulled out an old sack made with bed ticking. It was a big sack, and he paid dad \$5.00 a head for every head. Paid every dollar of it in gold, then throwed the bag back under the/ bunk [?] as much as you and me'd toss a slipper under our bed. Not only that, but the bag was far from empty after he paid dad. Now, let me ask you something. Just how long'd that bag last in this day and time? Not long, would it? 7 “Finally came the day when Jordan and me lit out for the US in Stephens Co. When we got there, they put us both right on as cow punchers, him a top hand. He got \$30.00 a month and chuck, and I got \$25.00 a month and chuck. Now, I don't know as I ever did know just how many head the US Ranch ran, but I can give you a pretty close estimate by how many head we drove out of Stephens when the US moved.

“This was about the time I was 22, and the reason was because the Daggetts wanted to leave Stephens. You see, the Daggetts bought out old man McKee. Bud and John Daggett's father was a brother to old man McKee's wife. I don't recall just what the deal was, but I do recall that the first drive out of Stephens was on Sept. 18, 1879, and there were 3,300 head in the drive. The drive lasted about three weeks, and then we had to comb back every Spring for about four years to clean up the rest of the US stock in Stephens. You see, no roundup can get every head because wild cattle are about the cagiest animal ever was next to wild hosses, which have been tops ever since time began.

“The new ranch site was at the head of the Little Wichita River in Baylor Co, about 16 Mi. E of Seymour. Now there was a little more to the US brand than just burning the brand on hip, side, and shoulder. There was the ear crop that couldn't be burnt over, but could be cropped into another crop. The US ear crop was this: they ran a half circle under the ear, crop and underbit to the right, then crop and under half crop to the left. The reason for this

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was because there was just a whole lot of brand turning going on in that part of the country at that time, and more than just a brand was necessary.

Now, in the 27 years I was with the US, a whole lot of 8 things took place that I couldn't possibly recall. I'm just going to give you a picture of a few of the highlights. To say there were stampedes is laughable. There were 100s of stampedes that I was in myself. Not by myself, but I was in them. Now a stampede can happen anytime you have a sizable herd rounded up. And, they're some discommoding. Since I think everybody ought to know a little about them, I'm going to tell you about one of them.

"During one Fall roundup, we had about 1,200 head rounded up and bedded down. The night was as pretty a night as ever you'll see in a life time. Everybody was at peace, laying down around the chuck wagon with one of the boys fiddling a tune and another singing it. In fact, as I look back over that scene, if there'd been a poet there, he'd have been able to make a right good poem out of that night. Along about 10 o'clock, one of the night riders came in for a cup of coffee. Now, that's one thing we waddies had a-plenty of. Coffee. Well sir, he got down, stretched his legs, was pouring himself a cup when his hoss suddenly shook hisself. Now, anybody that's familiar with hosses, know that a hoss shakes himself the same as a man likes to stretch or yawn. The trouble about this though, was the tracket the saddle made in the shaking/ scared one of the critters and it jumped up and snorted. Another snorted, and there they went. Hell-bent-for-election.

"When you have a stampede, the usual way to stop it is to get the critters running in a circle. That way, they can run 'til they're plum run down. The way to get them circling is for some waddy to get to the leader and work on him with his rope, hat, or something 'til the critter starts in another direction. Then keep him going 'til he's running wide enough a circle the herd'll follow him and then wind up running in a circle. This night though, we 9 milled that ornery herd a dozen times, I believe, but every time they'd mill, one of them'd manage to bust through and start off again, then the herd'd foller him. We worked all night long in a space about a mile square before the herd ever run down. Two hosses fell and

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were stomped to death by the herd, their riders just missing by scant feet getting into it themselves. One rider broke his leg in a fall from his hoss, any number had sprains, and everybody had scratches all over them. One helluva night!

"If it hadn't have been that the US made a practice of keeping nothing but able hands, there were any number of times when every head they'd rounded up would've been scattered by stampedes like this. Of course, 100s of cow punchers lit on the US from time to time and worked for a spell, so I can't give you the names of all of them, even though I believe I could, give me a little time. No. I couldn't name all of them even then. Of the regulars, old heads I mean by that that worked a long time, there are only two alive today.

"Harlet Portwood, a Seymour millionaire, and me. Harley never was what you'd call a 'bronc buster,' but he'd ride when he had to, and he had to every Spring because for the roundups, they'd cut you out around eight hosses, and you had to ride them or else-. Otherwise, he'd never ride a bronc if he knowed it first.

John Markham was another of the regulars. He died with his boots on. He was about the same age I was when he hired out to the US to help make the drive to Baylor. Soon after he came on, another waddy from down Fort Worth way, came through and told us about John. John came up from [??], in Denton Co. He'd been tending bar there, and one night when there was a dance going 10 on, a couple of tough gunmen by the name of Harrison and [?], blew cigar smoke in his face. He cussed them and dared them to draw their smoke wagons. They looked at each other, one winked, then they both drew. This man that told the story on John said he actually waited for their guns to clear the leather before he drug his, then he got both of them without even getting a scratch hisself. Well, naturally, that's a lot of action and we didn't believe or not belive right then because such things went on all the time in some part of the country in that day and time. Later on though, we got other reports on the thing, and then one day John hisself unloaded the story. It all tallied up.



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"John was a good all around range hand. He could shoot, ride or rope with the best in the country. I recall one night when he come in drunk after all the rest of us were pounding our ears. We woke up to what sounded like the battle of Armageddon. It was John, and he was shooting his six shooters into the fire place. Hot coals were skipping around all over the place. We sure had to get high behind to keep the bunkhouse from burning down.

"John met his Waterloo in Woodard, Okla., after the US Fall roundup one year. You see, in the winter, most of the waddies took a trip somewhere or other. Or, they'd go to some town and stay drunk 'til they spent their wad. Anything to make whoopee. Almost invariably, they'd get to gambling too. Well sir, John was in on a game with a couple of fellers and a one armed gambler by the name of [Wolford?]. Now, Wolford already had a tough rep' for killing several men, and had lost his left arm in a scrap in which he come off best man at that, for the other died. Since I 11 don't know enough about that to tell it straight, I'll skip it and tell you about him and John. During the game, John caught Wolford cheating. He stood up and cussed him bad. He done that, knowing that he had left his guns in his hotel room and Wolford was armed. Wolford jerked his six shooter out and almost had it leveled on John when he caught Wolford's arm. Wolford was a big man and awful strong in his good arm so John couldn't do so much with him. They fought around in the saloon, turning over tables and breaking chairs, then fought out the front door and plum across the street. John stumbled over something and fell, and that gave Wolford a chance to get his gun going, which he done. Every shot went into John's head and me sed it up so's you couldn't tell who it was if you hadn't seen him before that happened.

"Jeff Coates was another of the regulars that died with his boots on. Jeff was such a tough character that he made a good wild hoss buster, which he done an awful lot of. Many's the hoss I seen him bust that others gave up as outlaws. Just gave up and quit. Then they'd go get Jeff and he'd bust them. The only ones he failed to bust were the ones that he accidently lost his holt on and fell off. They'd turn around and start to stomp him, then he'd jerk his six shooter [and?] and shoot the brute. He was that quick on his gun that none of

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them ever reached him and they were quick as lightning. Of course, if one of them had reached him, he'd have never lived to tell the tale.

"Jeff was also in Woodard when he died with his boots on. After one Fall roundup, him and several other waddies took around 300 stockers to the Cowan Ranch right out of Woodard. After the delivery, Jeff proceeded to get drunk. On the way into town, a 12 law by the name of Lipanpig, or some Dutch name like that that ended in pig, tried to draw Jeff's fangs before he got into town. Now Jeff was never a man to give in to nobody, so he gave the law an argument. The law shot Jeff without giving him a chance to go for his gun. My nephew, Em', had a friend of his send him a diagram of just how the whole thing happened and all.

"Luce and Ben Mitchell were two brothers who were regulars, and Jim Clements was another. These fellers were good cow punchers but [I guess?] they done like/I'm going to do. They died in bed.

"Speaking of shooting and the tough life and all, there was quite a bit of brand burning going on too, as I said. Now, I don't know whether nobody ever explained it to you how they done or not, so I'm going to give you a couple of samples. Samples that were once lived.

"Mark Lynn run the big 'LIL' outfit on Double Mt., and his stock naturally drifted S. The Mashknife outfit that run just W. of him and as many or more critters, their brand was made like this: .

"For quite a while there in Baylor, there was an unusual amount of rustling going on but nobody could be caught doing a little free and fancy wet roping. It got there so's everybody was suspicioning everybody else, and it just wasn't no trouble a-tall to rig up a scrap at any time.

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"Now, these fellers are still living and I don't aim to hurt nobody, so I wont give you their names, but they done quite a bit of night riding and rustling on their own with the parties permission whose cattle they were snaking out. They figured that if they rustled theirselves, the real rustlers would make themselves 13 known. And, sure enough. Just as they figured. They got the deadwood on Ed Tyson, who ran the 'Smoking W' iron. When they looked his herd over, found a number of suspicious looking brutes, killed them, took their hides right into the Grand Jury where the old brands could be read. Ed had so much pull and everything, and it was such a hard fight that he got off scott-free. He had to deed his ranch over to those who'd lost stock and leave the country forever.

"Now among the burnt brands in his herd were some of the LILs and [?]. The LIL looked like this when made into the Smoking W: , and the [?] looked like this when made into what Ed called the 'Club Bar': .

By saving my money while I was working, I was in a fair way to get me a ranch of my own started. My stuff ran with the US stuff, and I put my folks up in a house about 10 Mi. out of Seymour towards the US headquarters on the Little Wichita. Now, since all the fellers called me 'Sad,' I thought it'd be a good [?] to brand my critters with that name, which I done. First, I burnt an 'O' on the critter's side, then about half a foot towards the critter's head, I burnt the letters 'SAD,' which when you read it, it looked like two words: 'O SAD.' Then my ear crop was: circle on the neck, swallow fork the right ear, and underslope the left ear. might say, that I never caught anybody burning my brand over. In all, I had 443 head in the tally when I had to sell. You see, Daggett and McKee leased all that free grass country up and you might say it was a forced sale. I sold my stuff to John and Ed [?] at \$9.00 a head. That was in 1891 when I had to sell.

"I've about covered the ranching period, I reckon. I 14 would like to tell you one on Tom Waggoner before I quit, though. Now the [aggoner?] people were neighbor ranchers with the US ranch, and we'd see quite a bit of one another. Many's the time I've seen old Dan Waggoner coming out of Decatur behind a big span of Cleveland Whites. He sure liked

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to have the best hosses money could buy. Then, the Waggoners kept getting bigger as time wore on. There was a time when Tom Waggoner owned everything in Electra but the [?].O. He'd have owned that but the Government wouldn't let him. One day, I was in one of his stores when he was there and he made the remark that he liked \$2,000,000.00 having as much money as he wanted. One of his riders said, 'Well, Mr. Waggoner, if you had all that money, what would you do with it?'

"He said, 'I'd buy me a strip of land clear into Fort Worth so's I could go in without having to get off my own land.'

"After 27 years with the US, I finally decided to get into some other kind of business and went to Uvalde where I opened up a real estate business. I stayed with it for three years, then opened up me a grocery store at Boyd. I stayed with the store for 11 years, then came to Fort Worth and haven't done me a lick of work of any kind since. Excepting a garden I raise every year to keep my mind off that old rocking chair that's getting too darn inviting as the years pass by.